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A Familiar Prowler

Jeff Shelton

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A Familiar Prowler —

Third Place Poetry
Jeff Shelton

Breathing in
my startled ear.

Napping on
my napping face.

Watching things
I cannot see
which hide
in places
nothing is.

Stalks and lunges,
stalk again.

Does he chase them out
or let them in?

I dream of things
under the bed,
bumping scratching
in the night.

Must be sure.

It's only him.